



Chattanooga has five colored policemen.

The Texas State Senate will stand 17 Democrats and 13 Radicals.

The orange crop at St. Augustine promises to be unusually large.

The volunteer firemen of Nashville number about 300 men.

A wretched Kansas village is named "Devil's Delight."

In Chicago, red haired girls are called fire bells.

Flogging for crime is coming into favor again in England.

Paper houses are being made practicable, habitable and comfortable.

Senator Morton has been re-elected to the U. S. Senate from the State of Indiana.

The Alabama and Tennessee Railroad Company has paid its employees to date.

Eighty thousand persons have died from cholera in the empire of Russia during the last year.

A poor humble street preacher in London killed a man for disputing his theory of the creation.

Women are now represented in every department of the University of Michigan.

Two prisoners escaped from a Pittsburgh jail by digging a 40 foot tunnel.

Boston reports 53 deaths from smallpox during the last week in a total of 176.

The number of hogs slaughtered in Cincinnati last month amounts to 145,000.

"Transactions in Hair" is the heading given by a Detroit editor to an account of a street fight.

A down-east shop-keeper advertises "quart bowls of all sizes for sale cheap."

A hair dye man has made two millions in five years, and wholly by advertising.

The New York Recorder threatens to quash all the indictments against the Tammany ring on some new found law.

New York is getting alarmed over the unusual quantities of influenza material which finds storage down town.

The horse disease is rapidly disappearing from Cincinnati. Thus far 241 horses have died in that city.

Governor Walker, of Virginia, refused to appoint a day of thanksgiving. The custom was never a favorite one in that State.

The Baptist who have been in convention at Cincinnati, have resolved to substitute "Bible school" for "Sunday school."

The next session of the Kentucky Legislature will re-district the State for State Senators and Representatives.

The Battlefield Memorial Association of Gettysburg have resolved to erect a memorial statue in honor of General Meade.

An Irish editor says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

The following is the proposed advertisement of a Western tailor: "Wanted—two or three steady girls, to put on pants."

The Boone County Advertiser, in Arkansas, offers to publish obituary notices of delinquent subscribers free of charge.

A bashful printer refused a situation in a printing office where females were employed, saying he never "set up" with a gal in his life.

A Connecticut man rolls in wealth accumulated in the business of manufacturing "genuine relics from the Holy Land."

A Kansas City jury, last Thursday, awarded Miss Mary Sackett \$5,000 damages against Mr. Buckley for breach of promise.

The editor of an Eastern paper says that many of his patrons would make good wheel horses, they hold back so well.

A little four-year old being asked by his mother if he would not like to have wings and be an angel, replied: "No, ma, I'd rather be a hawk and live on chickens."

Col. L. Q. C. Lamar (ex-Confederate) is elected to Congress in the First Mississippi district by the proud majority of 4,804, carrying every county but one.

A Jones county, Ga., gentleman went hunting last week and caught a bird with only one leg, and not even the stump of another. Evidently a freak of nature.

A Pennsylvania farmer at an auction bought an old horse because he'd been wanting a rig of some kind to take Maria and the children to circuses and fairs, and haul potatoes in."

# THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

Vol. VI—No. 40.

MORRISTOWN, TENN., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1872.

Two Dollars a Year.

## The One Dollar Bill.

How it did rain that November night! None of your undecided showers, with hesitating intervals, as it were, between; none of your mild persistent pattering on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge, a rush of arrow drops and a thunder of opening floods!

"Squire Partlet heard the angry rattle against the casement, and drew his snug easy chair a little nearer the fire—a great open mass of glimmering anthracite—and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective satisfaction at the crimson maroon curtains, and the gray cat fast asleep on the hearth, and the canary bird rolled into a drowsy ball of yellow down on his perch.

"This is snug," quoth the Squire; "I'm glad I had the leaky spot in the barn roof fixed last week. I don't object to a stormy night, once in a while when a fellow's under cover, and there's nothing particular to be done. Mary?"

"Yes," Mrs. Partlet answered. "She was fitting about, between kitchen and sitting room, with a great blue checked apron tied round her waist. 'I'm nearly ready to come in now, Josiah. Now I wonder, so to speak, if that was really a knock at the door, or just a little extra rush of wind and rain.'"

She went to the door, nevertheless, and a minute or two afterwards she went to her husband's chair.

"Joe, dear, it's Luke Ruddlelove," she said half apprehensively. The Squire never looked up from his paper.

"Tell him he's made a mistake. The tavern is on the second corner beyond."

"But he wants to know if you will lend him a dollar," said Mrs. Partlet.

"And couldn't you have told him no, without the preliminary ceremony of coming to ask me? It is not likely that I would lend a dollar."

"Why, I had a great deal rather throw it in your red coat! No—of course not!"

Mrs. Partlet hesitated.

"He looks so pinched and cold and wretched, Josiah. He says there's nobody in the world to let him have a cent."

"All the better for him, if he did not know it," sharply ejaculated the Squire. "If he had come to that pass half-a-dozen years ago, perhaps he wouldn't have been the miserable vagabond he is now."

"We used to go to school together," said Mrs. Partlet, gently. "He was the smartest boy in the class."

"That's probable enough," said the Squire. "But does it alter the fact that he is a drunken wretch now? Send him about his business, Mary; and if his time is of any consequence, let him know he had better not waste time in coming here after dollars."

And the Squire leaned back in his chair after a positive fashion, as if the whole matter had been definitely settled.

Mrs. Partlet went back to the kitchen, where Luke Ruddlelove was spreading his poor thin fingers over the blaze of fire, his tattered garments steaming as if he was a pillar of vapor.

"He won't let you have it, Luke," said she. "I thought he wouldn't."

"Then I've got to starve, like any other dog," said Luke Ruddlelove, turning moodily away. "And, after all, I don't suppose it makes much difference whether I starve out of the world to-day or to-morrow."

"Oh, Luke—think of your wife," said Luke, downheartedly.

"But she ought not to be," said Luke.

"Ought and is are two different things, Mrs. Partlet. Good night, I ain't going to the tavern, though I'll wager something the Squire thought I was."

"And isn't it natural enough he should think so, Luke?"

"Yes, yes, Mary; I don't say but what it is," murmured Luke Ruddlelove, in the same dejected tone he had used throughout the interview.

"Stop," Mrs. Partlet called to him as his hand lay on the door latch. "Here's a dollar, Luke. Mr. Partlet gave it to me for a new piece of oil-cloth in front of the dining-room stove, but I'll try and make the old one do a little while longer."

And Luke for the sake of old times—for the sake of your poor wife and little ones at home—do, do try to do better."

Luke Ruddlelove looked vacantly, first at the fresh new bank bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who had placed it there.

"Thank you, Mary," he said, and crept out of the warm, bright kitchen into the storm and darkness without. Mrs. Partlet stood looking into the kitchen fire.

"I dare say I've done a very foolish thing," she pondered; "but, indeed, I could not help it. Of course

he'll spend it at the public house, and I shall do without my new oil-cloth and that will be the end of it all."

And there was a conscious flush on her cheek as if she had done something wrong when she rejoined the Squire in the sitting-room.

"Well," said Squire Partlet, "has the ne'er-do-well gone at last?"

"Yes."

"To Stoke's tavern, I suppose?"

"I hope not, Josiah."

"I'm afraid it's past hoping for," said the Squire, shrugging his shoulders. "And now for a pleasant evening. How it does rain, to be sure."

And Mrs. Partlet kept the secret of the one dollar bill within her own heart.

It was six months afterward that the Squire came into the room where his wife was preserving great red apples into jelly.

"Well, well," quoth he, "wonders never will cease. The Ruddleloves gone away?"

"Where?"

"I don't know—out West somewhere, with a colony. And they say Luke has not drank a drop in six months."

"I'm glad of it," said Mrs. Partlet. "It won't last long," said the Squire, despairingly.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't any faith in these sudden changes."

Mrs. Partlet was silent; she thought thankfully that, after all, Luke had not spent the dollar in liquor.

Six months—six years—the time sped along in days and weeks, almost before busy little Mrs. Partlet knew that it was gone. The Ruddleloves had come back to Sequester. Luke had made his fortune, as the story can be found in the far away El Dorado, vaguely phrased "out West," by the simple Sequester-settlers.

"They do say," said Mrs. Buckingham, "that he has bought that lot down opposite the Court house, and he's going to build such a house as never was!"

"He must have prospered greatly," said gentle Mrs. Partlet.

"And his wife, she wears a silk gown that stands alone with its own richness," said Mrs. Buckingham. "I can remember when Luke Ruddlelove was nothing but a poor drunken creature."

"All the more credit to him now," said Mrs. Partlet emphatically.

"It's to be all of a sudden," said Mrs. Buckingham, "with marble mantels and mahogany floors. And he's put a lot of papers and things under the corner one."

"The corner what?" said Mrs. Partlet, laughing.

"Floor or mantle," said Mrs. Buckingham. "Like they do in public buildings, you know."

"Well, it's kind of queer, but Luke Ruddlelove never wasn't like nobody else. Folk thinks its dreadful strange he should put a dollar in with the other things."

Mrs. Partlet felt her cheek flush scarlet; involuntarily she glanced up to where the Squire was serenely checking off a list of legal items in the bill he was making out against some client. But the Squire never looked around, and Mrs. Buckingham went on with her never-ceasing flow of chit-chat, and so the color died away in her cheeks. After all, the money had been her own to give, and the oil-cloth in front of the dining-room stove had answered very well.

She met Luke that afternoon for the first time since his return to Sequester—Luke himself, yet not Luke himself—the demon intemperance crushed out of his nature, and its better and nobler elements triumphing at last. He looked her brightly in the face, and held out his hand.

"Mary?"

"I'm glad to see you back here again, Luke," she said tremulously.

"And well you may be," he rejoined. "Do you remember that stormy night, Mary, when you gave me that dollar bill, and begged me not to go to the tavern?"

"Yes."

"That night was the pivot on which my whole destiny turned. You were kind to me when every one spoke coldly; you trusted in me when all faces were averted. I vowed a vow to prove myself worthy of your confidence and I kept it. I did not spend the money—I treasured it up—and Heaven has aided mightily to my little store. I put the dollar bill under the corner stone of my new house, for the house has risen from it and it alone. I don't offer to pay you, for I'm afraid," he added, smiling, "the luck would all go from me with it; but I'll tell you what I will do, Mary. I will give money and words of trust and encouragement to some poor wretch as you gave them to me."

And Squire Partlet never knew what his wife did with the dollar bill he gave her to buy a new piece of oil-cloth.

How we are Cited.

Little Daughter—"I wish the rivers would rise."

Father—"Why, what have you to do with the rivers rising?"

Little Daughter—"A great deal, father; for then the boats would run."

Father—"And what have you to do with the boats running, my child, eh?"

Little Daughter—"They would bring the cotton down, father."

Father (looking over his spectacles)—"And what have you to do, darling, with cotton bales?"

Little Daughter—"Why, if the cotton was down you would be able to sell it, you know, dear father," smilingly.

Father—"And what then?"

Little Daughter—"You would have plenty of money."

Father—"Well?"

Little Daughter (laying her little hand on his shoulder, and looking up into his face)—"Then you could pay mother that twenty-dollar gold piece you borrowed from her, you know, father."

Father—"And what then, child?"

Little Daughter—"Then mother could pay Aunt Sarah the ten dollars she owes her."

Father—"Ay—indeed! And what then?"

Little Daughter—"And Aunt would pay sister Jane the dollar she promised to give her on New-Year's, but didn't, because she didn't have any cotton—any money, I mean, father."

Father—"Well, and what else?"

(He lays down the newspaper and looks at her cautiously, with a half smile.)

Little Daughter—"Sister Jane would pay brother John his fifty cents back, and he said when he got it he would give me the half-time he owes me, and two dimes to buy needles—and this is what I want the river to rise for, and the big boats to run! And I owe nurse the other dime and must pay my debts!"

"But looked at—Ma!" "There it is," he said; "you are all, big and little like a row of bricks. Touch one, and away we all go, even down to our little Carrie, here. She has, as a child, as great an interest in the rise of the river as I have. We are all old and young, waiting for money to buy needles!"

A good lesson for debtors and creditors, too, and well entered.

He couldn't drink wine.

That was a noble youth, who, on being invited to take wine at the table of a famous statesman in Washington, laid the moral course to refuse. He was a poor young man just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner.

"Not a glass of wine?" said the great statesman, in wonderment and surprise.

"Not one simple glass of wine," echoed the statesman's beautiful and insinuating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, and with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored to press it upon him.

"No," said the heroic youth resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass.

What a picture of moral grandeur was that! A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady.

"No," said the noble young man, and his voice trembled a little and his cheek flushed. "I never drink wine, but—there he straightened himself up and his words grew firm—'if you've got a little good old rye whiskey I don't mind trying a sniff!'"

Tracing a Genealogy.

It is of the elder Dumas the following story is told:

A stranger having heard with surprise that Dumas was a quackoon, called upon Dumas to verify the fact.

"I am told," began the visitor, "that you are a quackoon, Monsieur Dumas."

"Yes," answered Dumas.

"And your father?"

"Was a mulatto!" the distinguished Gen. Dumas, of the army of Italy—and a mulatto!—roared the author in tones that left no doubt of the quality of his lungs.

"And his mother?" continued the intruder, interrogatively.

"Was a negro!" shouted Dumas, rising to his feet.

"And who, may I ask, was her mother?" continued the enterprising and indefatigable visitor.

"An ape, sir, an ape!" thundered the indignant author. "My family begins exactly where yours ends—waiter, show this monkey the door!"

Mr. R. V. Upham, of Carroll county, Ga., has pulled from one tree, of the golden variety, twenty-one bushels, or 5,670 apples.

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A. H. PETTIBONE, Attorney at Law. GREENEVILLE, TENN. Will practice in the courts of the First Judicial Circuit and the Supreme Court at Knoxville. Will give prompt attention to business. (See notice in this issue of this paper.)

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